

The Horse.

RACE MEETINGS IN MICHIGAN

Detroit	July 12 to 18
Flint	July 12 to 18
Grand Rapids	July 12 to 18
Ann Arbor	July 12 to 18
East Lansing	July 12 to 18
Port Huron	July 12 to 18
St. Ignace	July 12 to 18
St. Joseph	July 12 to 18
St. Louis	July 12 to 18

THE TROTTER IN ENGLAND.

The London Field gives some interesting facts in connection with trotting horses in that country. One interesting point is the statement that English Manbrinos, the sire of imported Messenger, got a fine lot of coach horses in Yorkshire, and laid the foundation of a family of the horse which was noted for race action, and as excellent travellers; also, that he trotted well himself. It will be remembered that there has been a persistent attempt made in this country to prove that Messenger was not a thoroughbred, that the trotting action which so many of his descendants possessed came from other than thoroughbred blood. Now that it is known his sire had the same characteristics it will be necessary to prove that Manbrino got his ability to sire speed at the trot from some outside source, and that he, therefore, was not thoroughbred. It will also be seen from the Field's remarks how very far behind the English people are in everything that relates to the breeding and racing of trotters. Finally the interest in trotters will develop in that country, but it will take time. The average Briton is very conservative, and it has never been the policy of horse men in that country to attempt to breed trotters. A few good trotters, with some well contested races conducted in a sensible manner, would do much to stimulate interest. If a dozen of the best breeders of the United States would take up the matter in a business way, form an association over there with some more or less interested, send over some of their best horses and show Englishmen what a well conducted trotting meeting really is, it would not take long to make trotting a national sport. The Field says:

"The gray colt Manbrino laid the foundation of a fine strain of coach horses in Yorkshire, and stands out prominently in history as the sire of Messenger. In connection with the gray horse Manbrino, it may be mentioned that Dr. David relates that 'Stubb' begins in 1765 with Manbrino of the lofty style, and forefather of some of the best American trotters.' But according to the Standard Book, Manbrino was only imported in 1768, and as a fact he could scarcely have been the subject of Stubb's first picture of that year. In the Sporting Magazine for January, 1891, Stubb's portrait of Manbrino is given, and, in the opinion of the writer of the notice, he was a sire of the kind which gives backs, hunters and coach horses to moosehorses. This was no doubt being wise after the event, as by that time Manbrino had made his mark as the sire of coach horses. The writer then goes on to say that Manbrino 'went in remarkably good trotting form, and we have heard it asserted that he could trot fourteen miles in one hour, no common qualification for a racer. Lord Grosvenor and many capital coach horses from him, and this horse may be said to have been the father of the present high improved and blood-bred of English coach horses.' Four centuries ago Margaret Paston discerned the beauty of a horse 'trotting in his own courage without force of spur, and wrote in an admiring strain of some East country hackneys she had seen; and if the old records are searched our native horse would appear to have accomplished many notable performances."

"With the last trotting meeting at Alexandria Park the executive may be satisfied, as fair fields contested the majority of the events. It is also satisfactory to note that there was an entire absence of that rowdyism which hitherto did so much to bring trotting into disrepute. At the same time, the progress of trotting must necessarily be slow until the amusement receives the support of influential persons. We are very far from subscribing to the sabbath doctrine that nothing is worth taking up unless it is under the aegis of great persons; yet every day experience shows that whatever be the merits of individual cases, neither subscription lists or sports succeed unless the names of well-known persons appear as patrons. That is the real secret of the popularity of trotting on the other side. The sabbath trotter is the ordinary harness horse, what the sabbath-chaser is to the hunter; and the Americans take up the former as readily as we do the latter. Hiram Woodruff claimed for his countrymen that they had a 'paragon of animals, which is already the wonder of the world, and which, from this familiar, affectionate and universal use made of him on this continent, has already become an American commercial product of vast importance and proportions. The English have had the stock all along as well as ourselves, but it is our method of cultivation, and our perseverance that have made the difference between their fast trotter of a mile in three minutes, and ours of a mile in two minutes and half a second. The English have had the famous Maid S. accomplished her memorable feat."

HORSE LESSONS.

A Study of the Principles of Breeding.

A recent number of the Pacific Rural Press contains an interesting article on horse breeding, which brings out the best principles that underlie the successful breeding of all animals. It is well worth studying and remembering:

The recent sale of California trotting stock which took place in New York during the month of March have taught a breeding lesson which it might be well for the California breeders to learn thoroughly. It is a lesson in blood lines, a lesson in pedigree. Just look over the published pedigree of the sale and what brought the thousands and what brought the hundreds. The colts and fillies that sold way up in the thousands were of good sires of unquestionably performing blood out of dams equally good as shown either by former produce, by performance or by long lines of producing or performing ancestry. The young ones, whom nobody wanted, may have been good sires, even by the same sires that begot the high priced ones, yet on the dam's side there was either no breeding at all or breeding from comparatively unknown and un-

fashionable sources. The time when the sire made all of the colt's value is past, and now intelligent horsemen want good sires of proven quality backed up by dams from some great producing family, or having a certain percentage of producing or performing blood in them. There was a time in horse-breeding, not very long ago, either, when a buyer did not care very much how the dam was bred, just so she was a good individual and had some trotting action; but now when there are so many trotting horses and so many good ones, when the 2:30 list has grown from a score forty years ago to the hundreds, men want well-bred animals on both the sire and dam's side, and the yearling with a second or even third dam untrotted, though he be in an Electioneer or a Guy Wilkes, is very poor property to take to an auction sale.

On many of the small ranches in California and in not a few of the big and famous ones, there are many numbers of those half-bred dams. Some of them come from really good blood, being the daughters and grand-daughters of well-bred mares that came across the plains from Kentucky in the early days and lost their pedigrees in the obscurity of a new country. Those are some of the untrotted dams that have produced good performers in this State. Because one or two half a dozen good horses have been produced by their untrotted mothers, some horsemen have gained the idea that good breeding is not essential on the dam's side to speed and endurance, but their mistake is shown in the few cases where a great performer has turned up from a mare of untrotted blood, and the owners have taken the trouble to do the tracing. The case of Sunol 2:10 1/2, the great Palo Alto filly, is in point. When she made her 2:18 as a two-year-old, the performance was hailed as the most wonderful the world has ever seen, and turned out over the country were asking what combination of blood lines could produce such a wonder. The Palo Alto catalogues gave her dam as Waxana by General Benton, second dam Waxy, and the pedigree of Sunol was shadowed in doubt. Senator Sanford, to satisfy himself and the public as well, employed a man to dig out the pedigree of Waxy. The search extended from Kentucky to California, and this horse detective interviewed and secured all lavits from men all over the country, and as a result it was found that Waxy was a filly bred in Kentucky in the sixties and brought across the plains, and that she was a daughter of the great Lexington, and out of a Grey Eagle mare. With that much known, it was no trouble to establish for the dam of Sunol a pedigree that goes back to Old England.

As it was with Sunol, so it was with nearly every good performer out of untrotted dams. The blood is in them, if only it were known. With blood lines on both sides, a breeder may be reasonably sure of getting something good, and certainly something that will sell, but unless the sire is backed up by good dams he is unjustly doing as a breeder is fighting his own interests.

Horse Gossip.

LOUIS NAPOLEON 207, has arrived at his old home at Napoleon, reaching there on the 8th inst.

R. M. BUCK, of Charlotte, Eaton County, has sold his gelding Calumet, record 2:31, to F. Reese, of Napoleon, Ind.

W. F. COWMAN, of Jackson, this State, has sold his stallion Rosewood to Simpson & Gaylord, of Stockbridge. He is of Morgan blood.

The races at Windsor, Ont., this week, were the most successful ever held there, both in the quality of the contests and the attendance.

ERNEST, winner of the Kentucky Derby, and probably the best horse of his age this year on the course, has been retired, and will not start again until the fall.

VOLUME 9 of Wallace's Trotting Register closes September 1st, after which no further entries will be taken. Hurry up if you wish to get your name into that volume.

A. H. MOORE, of Philadelphia, Pa., has the misfortune recently to lose a well-bred colt by lightning. The colt was by Antee, 2:16 1/2, dam Valley Queen, by Red Wilkes.

F. BRADMAN, of Montpelier, O., has purchased from W. C. Kells, of Highland, this State, two mares, full sisters, four and five years old, by Goldsboro, 2:17 1/2, dam by Lockwood's Black Hawk. Price, \$250 each.

It is hinted this week at Washington Park, where so many records are being broken, is in some way fixed to secure such results. The last time made over by a record and third-rate horses certainly looks very suspicious.

The old trotting horse Walling, once owned by Wm. McGee, of this city, has been "doing up" the Canadiana under a false name. At the Windsor meeting this week the owner had to withdraw him. Several other Michigan horses are said to be having great fun with the Canucks.

HELEN B. five years old, reduced the running record for seven furlongs to 2:10 seconds on Tuesday last at Morumouth Park. Her time was 1:24 1/2. She only carried 103 pounds. Monmouth course is very fast, so the performance may not be as good as the figures indicate, when compared with other records.

The entries for the Detroit Blue Ribbon meeting are published, and the classes are all well filled. The \$10,000 Stake, and the Chicago Horsemen's Exposition Stake for four-year-olds will have a big list of starters. The free-for-all trot will have Bessie S., Hourie, Alcyon and Palo Alto as starters, all phenomenal performers.

A DISPATCH from Nashville, Tenn., announces the death of Tom Hal, the pacer, by Kittrell Hal, d-m Julia Johnson. Tom Hal was 28 years old, and was the sire of Little Brown Jug, Hal Pointer and Brown Hal. The Hal family is one of the most noted racing families in the world. The old stallion was buried on the estate of F. G. Buford.

SALVATOR won the Realization Stake from Tenny by 1 1/2 lengths. The Suburban from Cass by half a head, and the match from Tenny by half a head. Yet it is doubtful if there is a four-year-old on the turf to day which can do better with Salvator than Tenny did. He is not only fast, but lasts, and can carry weight. In the Realization Stake he gave Tenny 19 pounds and a beating.

The recent sale of Miss Nannie Smith against W. C. France, asking for a reciever

for the noted trotting stallion Red Wilkes has taken a new and sensational turn. Mr. France has applied to the court asking that the partnership existing between himself and Miss Smith be dissolved and a sale of the stallion ordered. In his petition Mr. France says Miss Smith's agent, Smith McConn, has annoyed him to such an extent that he feels it impracticable for him to try to carry out his contract. This will probably cause Red Wilkes to be put up at auction as soon as his season is over.

This draft horse is the emblem of the highest agriculture prosperity. The breeder, the community, or the nation that has the best horses has the world for a market. America has room take a front rank in the breed the best draft stallions.—N. J. Agriculturalist.

Yet Kentucky does not breed a draft horse, and probably gets more money for horses than any other State in the Union. A State which only breeds draft horses would surely be a large purchaser of other, if her people were at all prosperous. Carriage and driving horses are as much a necessity as draft horses. Michigan is breeding all classes, and that is sound policy.

This chief value of turf contests is their part in determining the lines of blood that are best to survive. All theories of breeding must bow to the verdict of the turf. The blood that is the best on the turf is the best to use, the most profitable and the most fashionable. Any hypothesis concerning blood and breeding that fails to take into account the verdict of the turf is as rubbish as the trotting horse breeder who aims to breed trotters that can trot. Just so, and it is equally true of the running horse, whose excellence has been built upon the idea that winners will produce winners. The track and the course is the court of last resort to which breeders appeal to substantiate their theories. Its findings and conclusions are irrevocable.

Sixteen years ago there was not a trotting stallion in the country with a record better than 2:30. E. O. Sun by Manbrino Coler, was the first to get a record as a four-year-old. This was about 30 years ago.

We find the above paragraph going the rounds of the agricultural press. It is a strange nonsense. Sixteen years ago would be 1874. George M. Patchen had a record of 2:23 1/2 in 1860, 20 years ago; George Wilkes one of 2:23 in 1865, 25 years ago; George M. Patchen Jr. had one of 2:27 in 1873, 17 years ago; Ethan Allen had a record of 2:25 1/2 in 1860, 30 years ago. Magna Charta got a record of 2:37 1/2 in 1859, 31 years ago, when he was only four years old, and one year before Erlanson made his record. Publishers of items like the above, without question as to their truth or falsity, are responsible for the popular errors which are prevalent regarding horses.

The Realization Stake race at Sheephead Bay last week brought out nine starters, but the contest was not a sharp one. The race was for three-year-olds, and was worth \$25,700 to the winner, which turned out to be Senator Hearst's colt, Tournament, by Sir Modred, dam Plaything. The mile and five furlongs was run in 2:51, the winner carrying 112 1/2 pounds, the lightest weight carried by any but Jersey Pat, who had 109 pounds up. Belmont's filly, Her Highness, was second, with 116 pounds, and William L. Scott's Banquet third with 119 pounds. Tournament simply ran away from his field, and was 20 lengths ahead of Her Highness at the close, the rest in a procession extending about an eighth of a mile. This was the race won by Salvador last year, when he carried the top weight.

The Farm.

Cultivating Corn.

J. F. Keller, an Ohio corn grower, tells the Farmer of that State what he thinks the best method of managing the cultivation: "I believe that the time when corn is most benefited by cultivation is during the early stages of its growth; though we may not see great results at first, the returns will prove this true, and the investment of time and labor, if carefully bestowed, pays doubly as well as the same amount at a later period. The first two (and sometimes three) cultivations should be with a smoothing harrow, and if the ground has become packed by rain the Scotch harrow should have the preference, and this should take place as soon as practicable after the entire crop has been planted—crossing the field in an opposite direction to the way of planting. Harrowing now is beneficial in three ways; first, by covering any hills that may not have been covered deep enough to insure germination, and leveling off any which may be covered too deep; second, by destroying a multitude of weeds that have concluded that now is the time to get in their work, and they will if we are not careful.

"It is well known that weed seed will not readily germinate, nor will seed that has done so grow rapidly, in loose earth; hence one reason for keeping the surface always well stirred. All the advantages secured by the use of the plow are secured by the use of the harrow at this time, and the labor is not half so great. Don't put the first harrowing off too long, as it may turn wet, and you will be unable to do this important work when it will do the most good. Remember always that weeds will grow in cold wet weather but corn will not; hence the weeds (unless care be taken) will frequently get the start of the corn, and they generally do their level best to follow up the advantage gained. This is a sign of trouble for the future. If your soil is comparatively free from weeds one harrowing may be sufficient before the corn comes up, but two, generally, can be given with profit. Where corn is a full stand experience proves that it pays well to harrow after it has come up. This should be done after it has taken on the third leaf. Do not attempt this sooner for it is very tender up to this time, and the damage done would be too great; but if done at the proper time not more than five per cent. of the plants will be destroyed. Use nothing but the slant-hoe or (properly speaking) smoothing harrow this time, as a Scotch harrow is too severe on the young plants.

"For the first application with the cultivator I use an ordinary one, but instead of shovels, I use attachments consisting of three teeth or shovels each, one inch wide and nine inches long, making twelve on the cultivator instead of four. These can be made to throw earth enough so that it meets around the plant, leaving the ground almost level. If the corn is still small these may be used a second time. Some advocate throwing the earth from the hill when the corn is small. This is false, for if (as some claim) the sun's rays more readily reach the plant root they also reach the weeds at night or on a cool day.

Again, to destroy weeds (corn's greatest enemy) we must either plow out (or smother) by covering with earth. This is most easily accomplished during the infancy, and this cannot be done when the earth is thrown from the hill. The first and second time is when you should be most careful to plow close to the hill. Another reason, if it turns dry your corn suffers in consequence of this treatment.

"From this on shovels are best to use, set to run moderately deep; then as the corn develops plow more shallow, for roots of well developed corn cover the entire surface of the ground and to destroy these you are certainly lessening its vitality. The number of times to work corn depends on the soil and season. In a wet season plow often enough to destroy and keep down all weeds. In a dry one the more frequently the better, provided, of course, you do not leave the field too long at any one time. I always go over my corn with one-horse plows after harvest, when it is too large for the two-horse cultivator, this time not running close to the corn or deep. This prevents a late growth of weeds and leaves the ground in excellent condition to be sown to wheat. My rule, unless in a very late season, to not work corn after July 30, as the probabilities are the damage done would be greater than the benefit to the corn.

"A great deal is now said about level and shallow culture for crops. That says one sometimes irreparably damaged by deep culture. I have no doubt, but there are two things we must see to during cultivation—the destruction of weeds and keeping the soil loose. My experience in level surface culture is this—that it will require a greater number of workings to keep weeds down and soil loose, for a little rain soon settles it to the same condition it was before, therefore requiring the same work done over again. To kill weeds you must plow well under or you only cultivate them so they will flourish with renewed energy. In a dry season I believe level surface culture to be the thing.

Feeding Calves Skim-Milk. A very successful feeder in Canada uses the following method in raising calves on skim-milk:

"The calves are fed by hand all the milk they will take three times a day until about a week old. Then skim-milk is added, only a little at first, but the quantity of skim-milk is so increased and that of the new milk so reduced that in two weeks from the commencement of this change skim-milk only will be fed. The skim-milk is fed only when it is sweet, as when sour it produces scours and injures digestion in other ways. The skim-milk is fed at the temperature of milk just taken from the cow. In heating it, a portion of the milk is put on the stove in a pan or pail, and heated gradually till quite warm. It is then poured into the portions respectively set apart for each calf. The calves get the milk three times a day, for a month, from the beginning of the change to skim-milk, but a less quantity is given at noon, and if fed regularly they may get all the skim-milk they will take without injury to them.

"When the change is being made from new milk to skim-milk, flax-seed is added to the milk. It is prepared as follows: For two calves take half a teaspoonful of flax at night, and pour on two quarts of boiling water, allowing it to steep till morning; it is then warmed and added to the milk; the quantity of the flax may be gradually but slowly increased until three-fourths of a teaspoonful of flax-seed, steeped in a proportionate increase of hot water, is given to each animal. The flax for the night meal is put to steep in the same way in the morning. Milk is fed until the calves are seven or eight months old. They should have access to all the clean water they will drink at all times.

"They get all the meal they will eat up clean twice a day. The mixture consists of one-fourth green peas, one-fourth ground oats, and one-half wheat bran; this is mixed with good hay run through a cutting-box. The proportion of the hay to the meal is increased as the calves get older. When meal of this kind is not to be had, feed your calves oats, which you may feed whole, and you need not mix them with cut hay. When autumn comes, oat-sheaves are sometimes cut in the chaffer and the meal mixture added, but not so much of it in quantity as when the cut oat-sheaves are not fed. They get what they eat up clean in winter, and green food of almost any kind in summer. They are kept in loose box-stalls in the stable all through the first summer, which are kept dark in the season of flies. They may get a good supply of sliced roots in the season for these."

How to Tell Good Oats.

A writer in the Scientific American says good oats are clean, hard, dry, sweet, heavy, plump, full of flour, and rattle like shot. They have a clean and almost metallic luster. Each oat in a well grown sample is nearly of the same size. There are but few small or imperfect grains. The hard pressure of the nail on an oat should leave little or no mark. The kernel when pressed between the teeth should chip rather than tear. The skin should be thin. The size of the kernel will be less in proportion than the skin is thick. The color of the oats is not very material, but white oats are generally thinner in the skin than black. Again, black oats will grow on inferior soils. Short, plump oats are preferable to large, long grains. Bearded oats must have an excess of husk. Oats are not necessarily bad because they are thin-skinned or bearded; but they must contain a less amount of flour per bushel than thin-skinned oats without beads.

Agricultural Items.

THERE is a town in Massachusetts which has one sheep within its limits. There are, however, four dogs to the square mile, which accounts for the depression of the sheep industry.

VETERINARIANS get tired of answering questions about "bellow horns." The horns of all mature cattle are hollow whether the animals are sick or well. The horns of young cattle are solid, but as they advance in years the inner portions become partially absorbed, thus relieving the head of unnecessary weight.

THE N. E. Farmer says, very truly, "When cattle owners learn to feed uniformly well, they will have no sudden changes from rich to poor, or poor to rich feed, and neither overfed nor

starve, and protect from extreme heat or cold; in short, treat animals as something as they would themselves like to be treated, there will be far less complaint about all of all kinds."

A WRITER on poultry matters says nothing brings such destruction to poultry as water and lice. When chicks have once been thoroughly wet they do not recover from it under six months. Nor is it true that a barrel makes a good coop. It never The surface is on the average more rolling and the soil more sandy, more porous and better drained than the prairie soils of Illinois for example. Hence the corn is less subject to damage by too much rain, and the soil dries sooner ready for cultivation."

A CORRESPONDENT of the Country Gentleman, who writes from England says: "The Duke of Sutherland after spending almost fabulous sums in steam cultivation and in reclamation, has found the influence of nature too much for him, and is now giving up the fight. He and his predecessors turned the old croft or 'c'k' their little holdings, or expatriated them by thousands to make way for great sheep farms; and now these, in turn, have to go also, as a better result is obtained by letting as deer forests."

THE Northwestern Agriculturist says: "The roads are a fearful nuisance in the way of propagating noxious weeds. Where the law demands that they be destroyed, it is only a matter of time, if any attempt is made to do so. These weeds should not be permitted to mature by the roadside or on the farm. It may seem a great task to cut them down, but one or two days at the business will have an encouraging effect. Every farmer had better be a law unto himself and clear the weed out of his road through or running by his farm than to suffer the consequences of letting them mature. The work once begun, the task will grow easier every year."

A CORRESPONDENT of the Rural New Yorker says: "I have in mind a case where a strange inflammation of the eyes appeared simultaneously in several families; after consulting the doctor for some time, it was traced to the use of fire-wood grown with poison ivy. The fumes from the burning wood were excessively acrid and penetrating, inflaming the eyes and irritating the respiration. For the benefit of those who never feel quite able to distinguish the poison ivy from the harmless Virginia creeper—and the two often grow close together—it may be added that the harmless vine has five leaflets grouped together, the poisonous one only three. Of course, the leaves are distinct in every way, to those who know, but this is the most striking difference to a casual observer."

Boils and Pimples and other affections arising from impure blood may appear at this season, when the blood is heated. Hood's Sarsaparilla removes the cause of these troubles by purifying, vitalizing and enriching the blood, and at the same time gives strength to the whole system.

The Poultry Yard.

Wants the Hawks Exterminated.

YRELAND, June 30, 1890.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer. Now that we have a duty on eggs I wish some one who has the right would put a bounty on hawks and skunks and perhaps we could raise a few more chickens for market. It is pretty provoking to see the hawks carrying off our chicks after we have worked so hard to get them started, besides the loss.

FARMER'S WIFE.

Selling Young Poultry.

It is often a question which is the better plan, to sell poultry now, while it is young, or feed until poulty. This is especially the case with chickens and ducks. Turkeys sell best in the fall and winter, and there is only a small demand for them in the spring or summer, and considering the growth it is possible to secure, it is not generally profitable to sell until reasonably well matured.

If they are well fed so as to receive a good growth and be in good condition when ready for market when they are two months old, which should be in May or June, is the best time to sell young chicks. At this time there is usually a better demand for them than at any other time, and good prices can be secured for those that are of good quality.

But chickens, unless they are very early, so as to put on the market as early broilers, it will not always pay to sell. Usually the market gets glutted by this time and prices are low. On the farm after they make a sufficient growth to be allowed to run out, it costs but little to keep them growing.

If they can be allowed a free range they will pick up the greater part of their living, and what they pick up in this way is nearly always that much saved that would otherwise go to waste, so that the growth secured in the fall will more than balance the difference in prices. When good prices can be realized it is of course best to sell, especially if they are crowded. But from this on for the next two or three months, prices will be low, and when it can be done without too much inconvenience, it will be best to feed until early in the fall when they can be marketed.

As with all other work no infallible rule can be given, as much depends upon circumstances. Some will find it more profitable to breed and sell young stock, while others are able to realize more profit by feeding to maturity.

But on the farm after poultry has made a sufficient growth until it is ready to feed for market, poultry will cost but little to keep growing.—Grange Bulletin.

RICK POP corn is not good for poultry. Ends of the kernels are too sharp.

PLYMOUTH ROCKS make good mothers. They are not so slow and clumsy as the Asi-

atic breeds, nor do they tire the little chicks with wandering, as do some breeds.

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If they can be allowed a free range they will pick up the greater part of their living, and what they pick up in this way is nearly always that much saved that would otherwise go to waste, so that the growth secured in the fall will more than balance the difference in prices. When good prices can be realized it is of course best to sell, especially if they are crowded. But from this on for the next two or three months, prices will be low, and when it can be done without too much inconvenience, it will be best to feed until early in the fall when they can be marketed.

As with all other work no infallible rule can be given, as much depends upon circumstances. Some will find it more profitable to breed and sell young stock, while others are able to realize more profit by feeding to maturity.

But on the farm after poultry has made a sufficient growth until it is ready to feed for market, poultry will cost but little to keep growing.—Grange Bulletin.

RICK POP corn is not good for poultry. Ends of the kernels are too sharp.

PLYMOUTH ROCKS make good mothers. They are not so slow and clumsy as the Asi-

A NECESSITY UPON EVERY FARM

Economy, Exactness and Carefulness

Every farmer should have the means of weighing his produce before he sells it, and also what he pays as a matter of economy there is nothing like a good scale. The high price of scales now makes many from providing themselves with them, as they are thus at the mercy of every dishonest peddler they do business with. One of the very best makes of scales now on the market are those manufactured by the Chicago Scale Co., and for the benefit of those who read the FARMER we have arranged with that company to supply orders and through us at a great reduction. The price we now offer for the saving of loss on a load of wheat, peas, poultry or butter, will pay the entire cost. Just look at the prices below and judge for yourselves.

No. 1—Barn Scale.

The following is a good definition, or perhaps more accurately speaking, a good description of what a table scale should be: "The desiderata in a good marketable table scale are soon reckoned up, i. e., a large, solid-bodied bird, deep keel or breast, broad chest, and narrow stern—a thoroughly plump, well-filled-up frame, round and compact, flesh of a fine grain or texture, and of a clear white color." We should add with a nice golden skin and rich yellow shanks, and nothing would be wanting.

M. K. BOYER, in the Germantown Telegraph, says everybody gets excited when a new fowl comes to this country. Speculators at once take hold of it, and boom it, till at length the bottom drops out. He adds: "The Red Caps and Golden Wyandottes are two breeds that came out for public favor in America about the same time. There is a close resemblance in appearance, about an equality in egg record, and perhaps an equality in other points. But one of the varieties will have to go. It will be a tussle between England and America."

Horticultural.

MEETING OF HORTICULTURISTS.

The West Michigan Fruit-Growers held their summer meeting at Shelby, Oceana county, this season, and though the meeting was at a busy time it was fairly well attended, and the sessions were interesting. Reports of the fruit prospects from all over the fruit growing districts were read, and the question of insect enemies and their remedies was taken up.

Walter Phillips recommended the sowing of buckwheat and plowing it under in June. Said it was fatal to all larvae, and the worm included. He would advise the plowing under of such a crop before the fruit trees or vines, and says its potency is due to gases generated by decomposition of the plant.

C. A. Hawley told how he and J. L. Hopkins set 4,000 peach trees near Shelby seven years ago, and saved but 1,000 of them. They had cotton-battling round the trees but had a rain and the worms were swarmed over. Cutworms have been successfully combated by sowing clover poling with Paris green. Cutworms are particularly common. They will destroy trees three years old, and even those older.

Water Phillips said the rose chaffer on the rose will soon be spraying with Paris green or London purple, and there is no danger in using either as the poison will be off before the fruit ripens.

Lanning thought a quantity sufficient of rose chaffers will destroy the grapes, and Phillips said he had sprayed, killed and got a crop.

As to a question as to the best soil for peaches, heavy clay or light sandy soil, there was a decided difference of opinion, but growers preferred neither extreme, but a medium soil.

Of the Russian apricot Mr. Hawley said they do not on low land but thrive well on high elevations.

Mr. LaFleur—Several hundreds have been set in my vicinity. Those grafted on stock have not done well, though three years set. They blossomed this year, very early, which may be a disadvantage. I think the fruit will tell. The falling off of young fruit brought out several theories as to cause, some believing it due to too blighting wind which prevailed a few hours on the 5th. Mr. Lanning thought it due to imperfect fertilization, resulting from want of fertility in the trees; a view in which Mr. Beebe coincided, adding a few days of cold had several times ruined his grape crop by preventing pollination. Prof. Redding, of Findlay, O., claimed there could be no employment without fertilization and it must be the wind which caused the premature dropping. Messrs. LaFleur and Beebe insisted that there could be, and often is, development of the outer parts of fruits, without present setting, however, when the fruit of the germ falls to follow through perfect fertilization.

In the evening Alex. Hamilton, of Ganges, read a paper on the preparation of nursery stock. In the discussion of the paper all agreed with Mr. Hamilton that stock from home nurseries or well-known reputable dealers is most satisfactory. The nearer home good stock can be obtained the better. Mr. Lewis said: "Buy at home; there you can select your trees in the best way, see them taken up, get better roots, get them home in better condition. The nurseryman, too, is likely to know the best for his locality, and to grow it, as it will be better acclimated."

Mr. Darrow said some kinds of stock may be better grown in some States than others, but as he is well grown here, but peers better in New York, and so do plums, though the adult trees do equally well everywhere.

Sweet Potato Culture.

This desirable product, though not as valuable for marketing purposes as many others, perhaps, is one of easy culture and very productive, and pays any farmer or gardener to cultivate for home use if not for the market.

A light, loam soil is generally recommended as best for this tuber, yet it does equally well and often better on common garden soils; and a good crop can usually be grown on even poor clayey soil, if a liberal supply of rotted manure be given.

The usual practice in preparing the soil, is to break it deep, and some say subsoil it, except perhaps for wet, heavy soils, where breaking is the best. A hard pan under a well-fined surface of five or six inches in depth, is a good thing, as the potatoes form more bulky and not so deep in the soil, and will mature better, being nearer the surface. After breaking the ground, put only so many hills or ridges as is required for the slips ready for setting, then other ridges as the slips come on. By this method the soil is fresh and loose when setting.

Throw the soil up with a turning plow; a narrow way will do, then draw up the soil with a hoe, making ridges about a foot high, and firm a little with the hoe. The ridges may be about two feet apart, and the slips set about two feet apart in the ridges. If light, warm, loam soil, ridges do well enough, but for cold, heavy soil, it is better to make and set in hills; as the potato requires warmth and sunshine, which the hill will admit more effectually than a ridge; for this, too, small or shallow hills or ridges, in the main are best. The hill, is also, easier worked by the expanding potato; hence larger and better matured tubers are found in rounded hills than in the large, compact ones.

The most salable potato is the well-formed, bulky one and it is to produce such that shallow tillage is recommended; in which case the potato, when reaching the hard pan below, is checked in its descent, and consequently develops in thickness.

In setting make a hole with the hand, in which, as the hand is withdrawn, place the slip, and if in dry weather, pour in a little water, which settles the soil well about the tuber, then gently draw the soil well up about the plant, leaving out the butt and two or three leaves. If the ground be fairly moist, as shortly after a shower, no water need be used; but if it be dry a half-pint of water to each slip should be given, and after

Black-Seed Onions.

J. M. Smith, well known as market gardener and fruit grower, says, in the *Rural New Yorker*: Black-seed onions, when young, are about the most sensitive little plants in the garden to neglect. If disregarded for a short time after they first need care, they rarely recover. I have been through nine times—the last time very carefully—and expect to go through them again next week, and when the third cultivation and weeding are over, I trust there will not be as many upon the four acres as a *Rural* reader could carry away in his vest pocket. When that is done, we sow Shorthorn or stump-rooted carrot seed in every alternate space between the rows. The onion seed is sown in rows 12 and 14 inches apart, and the carrot seed will be sown in the 14-inch spaces. The onions will be ripe in August. They are harvested and put away to cure for market; the carrots are cultivated and left to grow until late in the fall, by which time there will, in all probability, be a fine crop. The moment we shall have finished picking strawberries, we shall turn them under and set the ground with cabbage and celery. Thus it is easy to see that the work is unceasing and, in addition to all this, as soon as marketing begins, night-work has to begin, and shipments are made by every night as well as day express.

Growing Aquatic Plants.

Lotuses, like water lilies and other aquatic plants, says a writer in that excellent floral and horticultural journal, *Popular Gardening*, can be grown in wash tubs sunk into the ground. It will be necessary, however, to have the tub strong and well hooped, so that it will not be liable to give out, the culture being the same as for water lilies. We quote the following hints, concerning ponds and tubs, from O. J. Farmer:

Many persons are not aware of the ease with which water lilies can be made to grow and bloom in all their beauty and fragrance in the yard, with the trifling cost of constructing a small pond or sinking in the ground an old tub or barrel sawn in half, and kept filled with water during the summer, covering with straw and boards in the winter to keep from freezing. The ponds should be made about two feet deep; for lilies bloom better in shallow than in deep water. Get some healthy, knobby roots, cover but slightly with rich mud, fill with water, and the job is ended. For tubs, take any strong barrel free from tar, oil or salt; old molasses or whiskey barrels are about the best, for the nature of their contents presupposes them strong and well hooped. If an old wagon tire be driven snugly on the bottom, and the tub well painted, they will last a dozen years or more. Now saw the barrel in two at the bung, fill each half full of fine loam, or if the barrel be a large one, only fill about a third full, lay in the roots, straight out the small fibres, and cover to the depth of about two inches, and if it is intended to put fish in, overlay with coarse gravel to prevent the fish from burrowing down and exposing the fibrous roots, until all are well set. Now sink the tub to a level with the ground, and fill very gently with rain or river water; well water is not natural to aquatic plants. I venture that ninety per cent of the failures to grow plants in this way are the result of using well water. Replenish the tubs with water from time to time, to supply evaporation; this is all the care they need. If desirable, these tubs may be set on a platform on rollers, instead of sunk in the ground, and can thus be kept indoors during the winter. K-p filled with water, they will come out early in the spring.

FLORICULTURAL.

The Selly Islands sent 200 tons of flowers to Covent Garden Market during last season. There are 100 acres in the islands devoted to the culture of the narcissus. The entire area of the Selly Islands, which Walter Besant makes the scene of one of his popular romances, is but 3,560 acres.

Apiarian.

Clipping Queen's Wings.

I have never practiced this, but many beekeepers do, in order to prevent their primary swarms leaving. Last season, while working to get a swarm from a high tree, I resolved to clip the queens another spring, to save climbing; but the swarms that generally made the most work by going high, are those of after-swarms, which contain virgin queens, which cannot be clipped until they have taken their wedding-tour.

There is danger of clipped queens being lost during swarming, unless the ground around the hive is smooth and hard; if in grass they may get lost and be stepped on; but the loss of a queen is much less than that of a large swarm. As soon as a swarm misses its queen it will return, and not a swarm again until a young one is reared. Those who desire to clip their queen's wings should do so now, before the hives become populous, as the queen can be found more readily. During fruit-bloom, in the middle of the day, would be a good time to find and clip the queen, as many bees would be absent in the fields at this time. Mr. Langstroth has devised a way of doing this so as to designate the age of the queens: With a pair of scissors let the wings on one side of your queen be carefully cut off. When the hives are examined next year let one of her two remaining wings be removed, and the last one the third year. A queen three years old, clipped in this way, would have no more wings than an ant, but beekeepers of experience claim that they are just as prolific without wings as with—*Fanny Field*.

Ripening and Storing Honey.

As regards honey, basswood honey may be extracted before the cells are completely capped, if immediately placed in a hot, airy room. By this method of evaporation, it loses some of its strength, and, to many, disagreeable flavor. But white clover, which is deficient in flavoring-matter at its best, should not be removed from the hive until thoroughly ripened; and unless the apiarist has the best of facilities for evaporating honey, he had better leave all honey, even basswood, to be ripened in the hive.

Annual, the quality of hundreds of tons

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An ideal cranberry marsh is a nearly level bog with several feet of black muck, on which has been spread six inches of coarse clean sand. The sand checks the growth of grass and weeds, and hastens the ripening of the berries. The muck nurtures the roots and affords a water supply. The bog must be so situated that it can be flooded, in order to secure immunity from frosts and the attacks of insects.

The *American Rural Home* says: "We came to the conclusion, many years ago, that the best policy, after a strawberry plantation has borne one crop, maximum crop, is to plow it under. You can never get another as good, and the cost of cleaning out an old plantation is about as great as setting a new one. If for any reason the first crop is not a full one, it may be advisable to let it stand and bear another. In that case it should not be left long after the berries are gathered before the packed surface is loosened up and the weeds all cleaned out so new stock ball form for next year's crop. Some think that it pays to cover the old patch with straw and burn it over."

A CORRESPONDENT OF THE N. Y. TRIBUNE says: "A branch tending with too heavy a load has more work than it can perform properly. If unable to support its crop, it cannot mature it. Remove half the fruit, or, if necessary, still more, and the remainder will ripen so much better that we really gain not only in quantity but in size and appearance, thus results in more money and other returns than would otherwise be possible. This subject is assuming such a prominent position in pomology that no cultivator can afford to neglect it. It was proved by experiment that the value of a crop of peaches was increased one-third by judicious thinning of the fruit when about half size, and by selecting the imperfect specimens for destruction on the remainder were all first-class and needed no sorting before packing for market."

THE GLORY OF MAN.

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Specimens so often seen, are large and full, measuring ten inches across.

The *Amargyll Johnsonii* is a regal companion for the cells—in color rich scarlet veined with white. It has lance-shaped leaves, often two feet in length, and blooms twice a year, spring and mid-summer. A small bulb grows with each blossom stalk; these will bloom the second or third year after removal. If desired for summer blooming, put in autumn in a light cellar until spring, then bring it up to light and heat, and water profusely. The best soil for summer-blooming is rich loam and peat, or swamp-muck—they revel in this. Still another way is to keep them growing all summer; they are left in the pots and set on the ground in a somewhat shady place; re-pot once in five years, but each spring and fall dig out some of the earth and put in fresh soil; black, velvety, swamp-muck is the best if you can get it. For this method of treatment from four to five or six bulbs can be in one large pot, and each plant will give about four blossoms each season.—O. J. Farmer.

Horticultural Items.

It is next to impossible to grow fine, crisp radishes in clay soil. Sandy soil seems a necessity for them.

The nicest tomatoes are obtained by picking off the blossoms and allowing only from six to ten tomatoes to set on a vine.

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[illegible]

Poetry.

THE SECRET OF ARCADY.

I hid me off to Arcady;
The month it was the month of May,
And all along the pleasant way
The morning birds were mad with glee,
And all the flowers sprang up to see
As I went on to Arcady.

But slow I fared to Arcady,
The way was long, the winding way,
Sometimes I watched the children play,
And then I laid me down to see
The great, white clouds sail over me;
I thought they sailed to Arcady.

Then by me sped to Arcady
Two lovers, each on palfrey gray,
And blithe with love and blithe with May,
And then I hid me off to see
The world of love and life and glee,
Who shows the way to Arcady.

I followed on to Arcady,
But I was all alone that day,
And shadows stole along the way,
And somehow I had lost the key
That makes an errand mortal free
Of the dear fields of Arcady.

But still I fared toward Arcady,
Until I slept at set of day,
And in my dreams I found the way;
And all the fates were kind to me;
So that I woke beneath a tree
In the dear land of Arcady.

What did I find in Arcady?
Ah, that I never must betray,
I learned the secrets of the May,
And why the birds are fresh and free,
And all the winds are mad with glee,
That soar and sing in Arcady.

I dwell no more in Arcady,
But when the sky is blue with May,
And flowers spring up along the way,
And birds are blithe and winds are free,
I know what life is for me,
For I have been to Arcady.

—Louise Chandler Moulton.

THE CARDINAL FLOWER.

When days are long and steeped in sun,
The brown brooks loiter as they run,
And lingers echo as they flow
Full loth to leave the meadows low;
For then the cardinal, ablaze
With splendid fire, their fancy stays.

Like a tall Indian maiden, dressed
In scarlet robes, with tranquil breast
That never has known love's humbling thrall,
But haughty, queens it over all,
The flower its image mirrored throws,
While proud as beautiful it glows.

It seems the speckled trout dart by,
And swift-winged fliers drag their way
Over the brook's smooth waters dim;
Naught doth it heed them, all or one;
Alone it lives, and seeks no praise
Through the brief splendor of its days.

—Arlo Bates.

Miscellaneous.

THE STORY OF AN ANTIQUE RING.

"CHARLIE," said Frank Egerton, "I think I should like to get married."

"Don't be foolish," said Mr. Davenport, "Remember Punch's advice to people about to marry. Don't."

"There's not much else to be done," said Egerton. "Ever since that bit of money fell in, I don't feel the least bit of interest in the profession. I don't object to anything new and scientific, but surgery and physics considered in the light of professional matters are simply an abomination."

"But what on earth put the notion into your head, Frank? You're much too good a fellow to be extinguished under a cloud of moonlight, like most fools. What's ailing the lad?"

"I don't know," said Frank, dreamily. "I suppose it is Lockley Hall says, 'In the spring a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love.' Yesterday was the first day of spring. The sky was as blue as in June."

"That fellow, Lockley Hall, is only an idiot," said the matter-of-fact Mr. Davenport. "You're only an idiot yourself, Davenport," said Frank. "Lockley Hall isn't a man but a poem."

"Worse and worse," said Davenport, "If you're going to spoil yourself for all the purposes of good society and go mooning about after a poetical."

Davenport and Egerton had been fellow-students at Goy's, Davenport being some years the senior man. Davenport was hard-headed, acute, industrious, did himself great credit, and was now laying the foundations of an extensive practice. I am afraid Egerton was rather an example of the Idle Apprentice. Languid, elegant, handsome, he had not much appreciation of hard work. He dabbled a little in medicine, but private he dabbled in music, painting, and private theatricals. But he was a kind-hearted man, highly intelligent, and of wide, generous culture, but like the gorgeous lilies, he did not care to toil or spin. And his lucky stars seemed to be very much of the same opinion, for a rather distant relative, in quite a promiscuous way, left him a fortune of twenty thousand pounds.

He had no very hard-earned money in South Kensington, he had as fine a collection of water-color paintings and the more expensive kinds of photographs as could be desired, and some fine gems. Mr. Davenport was leaning back in one of the cozy arm-chairs, having dropped in for a cigar and a chat on his way home from seeing some patients.

"Any young woman in particular, Frank?" asked Davenport.

"Why, there is, and there isn't," said Frank. "It's very odd, but I really, after a sort of way, fell in love with a girl at first sight. It was at the opera that it came off, lots of this kind of things come off at the opera. It was at the set of representations of *Mapleton* gave last autumn. I had been to see my favorite opera, 'Il Fanciullo Magico,' some of the finest music that Mozart ever composed. I stared about, like the rest of the people, between the act, and on my right in the box immediately above me, was one of the loveliest girls that I had ever seen. It so happened that I presently came quite close to her in the crush-room. Her party came to sit at a little table close to the sofa, when I was doing *Mapleton* and so on. I assure you that to watch the girl move across the room was poetry in itself. Such deep eyes, such finely-cut lips, no new saw, and as for hair, the most beautiful.

"We'll take the hair and eyes for granted," said Mr. Davenport. "Did you find anything out about her?"

"Not a bit," he said; "but by the luckiest chance in the world she dropped her handkerchief. It ought to have been a bit of opera itself. Instead of a mere affair in the crush-room. She noticed the loss almost as soon as I did, but nothing can rob me of the consolation that I certainly handed it to her, and received one of the most gracious smiles that I ever beheld in my life. It did for me completely. I went down, bayoneted by a glance. When I saw them leave their box, I made my way into the lobby, where I presently saw them waiting for a carriage. Some name was called, and to my misery, I could not distinguish what the name was. But I ran out into the portico after it, nearly ran over the next carriage and was almost taken up by the nearest policeman. It was hard work to keep the carriage in sight, until I could hail a hansom and tell the driver to follow that particular carriage. Did you ever follow a girl in that way, Davenport?"

"Can't say I ever made such an ass of myself, blithering, old fellow," said Mr. Davenport; "but we none of us know what we may come to."

"Then let me tell you, it's a very queer thing to be following a person in that fashion. As Victor Hugo, who seems to know a deal about the subject, says, 'You are altogether for a time surrendering to a stranger your liberty and your individuality.' To my great satisfaction the hansom proceeded to the South Kensington direction. It would not have been pleasant to have been landed on the other side of R-gent's Park. It passed my very door. Then suddenly we came upon a whole lot of carriages coming or going from a curious old countess's, who always gave parties in the dead season of the year. We must have lost the clue, for my hansom stopped where the brougham stopped. I was brought face to face with a motley-faced old gentleman with a knobby nose, who evidently regarded me as a member of the swell mob."

"And you have never seen her again?"

"Never, but I quite fell in love with the little party, at first sight; and she felt inclined to marry me, that's very much the sort of thing that I should feel inclined to do with her. I am essentially an animal constructed for the purpose of domesticity, a Newfoundland dog man, and all that sort of thing. Club life is an organized sort of selfishness; that is all. One is even tired of travel. One knows what is to be expected, and it's not so much after all. So, by an exhaustive process of reasoning, we fall back on the blessed and comfortable estate."

"It all depends whether it really is blessed and comfortable, old fellow, because it's quite the other way. They say that marriage is a lottery, but, by Jove, most people make it up as John Leech's idiot made up his *Dr-by* book—can't possibly win and may lose ever so much."

"What do you think of my little affair?"

"Very badly. It's romantic. Most romantic affairs turn out badly. I've a very low opinion of the lot, and I speak as a man who has watched life, and who has watched it under a scientific point of view."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that there are a lot of points which a scientific, or even a sensible man, will consider before he commits himself, and which a man in love never thinks of doing. In the first place there is the *physique*. Look well at her teeth—a most important matter; good teeth are becoming quite scarce in the market. You have about eyes and hair; teeth are just as important. Then is the girl really educated? Beneath a smattering of ac accomplishments it is very hard to find out whether there is any real training or real knowledge. Then as for disposition, you may have as soft a spoken lass as you like, and in a few months she may prove a thorough vixen, and develop a capacity for abusive language. Even if she don't use bad language, she may still use her words as I use my lancets. Then, perhaps, she has got some radical inherent vice—drinks, lies, pawns, paints. There is nothing you can't believe of the girl of the period. Then—she may inherit a bad constitution from some rascally ancestor; and if you have a flaw in your own what's to become of the child?"

"You infernal old rascal!"

"In these days of detraction we should all go to the lad if it were not for the happy tendency of nature always to revert to the original pure type. But I've finished my bit of smoke, and most sort. I have half a mind to go into the South Kensington Museum; it is not often that I find myself so close to it."

"Seems to me a rather slow sort of thing to do."

"Yes; but nothing pays so well as a small evening party. South Kensington generally drops up at a small tea-fight."

They visited the Museum, which seemed, at least to evening, to be in a languid sort of way, and not to be doing much business. The British working man, after a hard day's work, prefers his pipe and a pot of beer to most of the elements that can be offered. Still there were a few strolling about, apparently without the slightest idea of the nature or significance of the objects before them. The place was, in fact, almost deserted; the feeding-places shut up, the galleries still. The two strolled about, Egerton liked doing nothing, and he did it to a perfection. Davenport's quick eye took in many things which by their nature and their scientific relations, doubtless gave him a keen intellectual pleasure. So many cases of coins and gems had recently been deposited here by one of those enlightened public benefactors who from time to time yield up the contents of their galleries and cabinets for the benefit of the British public. Just then a young lady, attended by her maid, passed on to the cabinet of gems; and now it was possible to see the difference between an intelligent and an unintelligent examination of pretty things. This young lady who had gems of her own about her, evidently knew a good deal about gems. With an eager curiosity she examined specimens; in a dainty little memorandum, in true artist fashion, she made a slight sketch or two.

As she was thus occupied, the two young men commenced a conversation which could hardly fail to be suitable to a bystander; and Davenport noticed a curious intellectual pleasure in the girl's friend. Though talking to a woman, he was evidently talking to the young lady. Her face could not be seen; but the little, graceful outlines of the form could be seen, full of curves and softness, instinct and

informed with spirit, to which sound teeth must infallibly belong, and a sound constitution, such as would have satisfied Mr. Davenport's physiological opinions. Egerton began talking with an evident intention to arrest and interest the attention of the young lady. Davenport had never before noticed such a circumstance in his friend; but he had noticed it in various instances, and in Egerton's case it almost seemed to him that it was a sort of yearning for sympathy, a desire to be brought into some sort of converse with this clever, graceful girl, though the converse should be all on one side.

"A queer thing happened to a friend of mine," said Egerton, "who went to a museum to inspect a precious gem. The gem was exceedingly valuable, and was kept under a glass case, and only shown by special permission, under the care of an official. The man went to see it, and examined it with the greatest care and admiration. After some little space the official said if he had finished his examination they would now go. The man said, 'Certainly. He had finished a minute or two ago, and was now ready to leave.' 'Then where was the ring?' 'Oh he laid it down on the case.' But no ring was there. A search was made, but in vain; the ring had vanished. Then the official said that he must search the visitor. The visitor objected. The official said that he would rather be slain on the spot than to submit to such an insult. As the official persisted, the visitor threw himself into fighting attitude, and the official called for assistance. Several men came up; but in the middle of the hubbub some sharp-witted public servant discovered that the gem had fallen down between the velvet and the frame of the case. Mutual congratulations and ex-uses followed. Then the visitor stepped forward and said, 'I will now tell you the reason why I would not submit to be searched. I have a gem about me which is the perfect facsimile of this one. I had not thought there was one in the world like it, and I came on purpose to see. Now, if you had found this gem upon me, your own unfound, you would have taken it to be the gem that was lost, and I should have been condemned.'"

"What an extraordinary story, Egerton," said Davenport. "Where did you pick it up? and who was the man?"

"It happened to myself, last summer, at Munich," replied Egerton, quietly. "The gem was an antique, which had been recovered at Pompeii, at least as old as the Christian era. Here it is in this ring."

Just at this moment the young lady, whose head assistant had showed that she was listening to the story which Egerton had designed her to hear, turned round, and Egerton was hardly surprised—"his heart had been a prophet to his head"—that it was the lovely girl of the opera.

"By Jove! Davenport, the girl I saw on 'Il Fanciullo Magico' night."

The young lady gave a half-conscious look of recognition and surprise, the doctor's keen eye did not fail to recognize; and then, with provoking nonchalance, passed away to a distant case, where the friends could hardly venture to follow her.

They went into the entrance, however, and sat down in the porch instead of going out into the Brompton Road. The big trees in front gloomed heavily in the sunlight. A solitary carriage was standing in waiting. Egerton was excited and feverish. He wrapt his cloak round him, and continued moodily silent. He already felt quite certain that this was the carriage which he had followed from Covent Garden. Presently the carriage-door was flung open, and the same young lady stepped to the steps. And the carriage went off at a sharp trot.

"There goes my chance again," he growled. "For the second time, and I have lost it."

"The third time's lucky," said Davenport.

The third time really came. That things which are to be will be, is the approved and fundamental axiom of fatalism. There is a good deal of romance left in this used-up world, if you are romantic enough to understand. At least to it came to pass at South Kensington.

Egerton had no confidence in his own medical skill. If he ever had any, which is very doubtful, it had vanished as soon as the ass's big trot to receive Davenport, who came and discharged the duty, which is frequently the first and most necessary part of a doctor's duty—he snuffed and aroused the patient, shook him out of his languor and indifference, and turned him out into the fresh air. Davenport, though a rising man, was not so busy that he could not afford half an hour to an old friend whose health wanted tending and bracing. So they paid their shillings and went into the Horticultural Garden.

It was not a public day. Nothing in the way of grand music or lovely promenades. They might suddenly have passed in the loneliness of a tropical forest instead of being hemmed in on every side with a wilderness of brick and mortar. From that very pretty entrance passage with its summer bloom they passed on to the smooth turf with the enameled flower-beds. The space is after all not much, and is soon exhausted; but it so happened that, except a few children with nurses or governesses, there was no one there. Then they walked in the noble conservatory, and ascended the broad flight of steps. And they passed on the highest terrace to catch the prier, softer breeze, and leaned on the balcony to watch the lovely scene below, with a sigh of regret that they and other Londoners should have the wisdom of so seldom coming here except in the crowd which takes away half the beauty of the scene.

"Unless I am greatly mistaken, Egerton, here comes a friend of yours."

"You don't mean her?"

"I don't know who you mean by her. As she must have some name or other I shall call her Lady Andelex, until I know her real name. I mean, however, the lady we saw at the museum and whom you say you saw at the opera."

"You can't see her face."

"No, but I recognize her gait. Very few young ladies can mount steps so gracefully as she."

"Do you really care for this girl, Frank?"

"Don't ask me. I am quite in love with her."

Now this was truly astonishing to Davenport. It was something altogether foreign to his scientific habits of mind. No amount of medical lore would give him an explanation.

"Something must be done, and done quickly," said Egerton, "or else the tide will have ebbed altogether."

"Have you got that ring with the antique gem?"

"Yes."

"Do you mind the risk of losing it for the chance of finding out all about her?"

"I would risk it a hundred times over!"

"Then have it on the balustrade and come this way."

The ring was placed on the balustrade, and Egerton hastily followed his friend down into the grounds.

"Now stop a bit, Egerton," said Mr. Davenport. "I don't think we can be observed here; but I will see what I can make out with the help of my field-glass."

On those field-glasses and telescopes! After some little space the official said if he had finished his examination they would now go. The man said, 'Certainly. He had finished a minute or two ago, and was now ready to leave.' 'Then where was the ring?' 'Oh he laid it down on the case.' But no ring was there. A search was made, but in vain; the ring had vanished. Then the official said that he must search the visitor. The visitor objected. The official said that he would rather be slain on the spot than to submit to such an insult. As the official persisted, the visitor threw himself into fighting attitude, and the official called for assistance. Several men came up; but in the middle of the hubbub some sharp-witted public servant discovered that the gem had fallen down between the velvet and the frame of the case. Mutual congratulations and ex-uses followed. Then the visitor stepped forward and said, 'I will now tell you the reason why I would not submit to be searched. I have a gem about me which is the perfect facsimile of this one. I had not thought there was one in the world like it, and I came on purpose to see. Now, if you had found this gem upon me, your own unfound, you would have taken it to be the gem that was lost, and I should have been condemned.'"

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Now this was truly astonishing to Davenport. It was something altogether foreign to his scientific habits of mind. No amount of medical lore would give him an explanation.

"Something must be done, and done quickly," said Egerton, "or else the tide will have ebbed altogether."

"Have you got that ring with the antique gem?"

"Yes."

"Do you mind the risk of losing it for the chance of finding out all about her?"

"I would risk it a hundred times over!"

"Then have it on the balustrade and come this way."

The ring was placed on the balustrade, and Egerton hastily followed his friend down into the grounds.

"Now stop a bit, Egerton," said Mr. Davenport. "I don't think we can be observed here; but I will see what I can make out with the help of my field-glass."

On those field-glasses and telescopes! After some little space the official said if he had finished his examination they would now go. The man said, 'Certainly. He had finished a minute or two ago, and was now ready to leave.' 'Then where was the ring?' 'Oh he laid it down on the case.' But no ring was there. A search was made, but in vain; the ring had vanished. Then the official said that he must search the visitor. The visitor objected. The official said that he would rather be slain on the spot than to submit to such an insult. As the official persisted, the visitor threw himself into fighting attitude, and the official called for assistance. Several men came up; but in the middle of the hubbub some sharp-witted public servant discovered that the gem had fallen down between the velvet and the frame of the case. Mutual congratulations and ex-uses followed. Then the visitor stepped forward and said, 'I will now tell you the reason why I would not submit to be searched. I have a gem about me which is the perfect facsimile of this one. I had not thought there was one in the world like it, and I came on purpose to see. Now, if you had found this gem upon me, your own unfound, you would have taken it to be the gem that was lost, and I should have been condemned.'"

There lives in the city of New York a man who has accumulated a fortune by simply advising people what to do. There always will be a large number of persons who are unable to rely on their own judgment; others come to a conclusion with ease and certainty.

A young man had accumulated a thousand dollars and was debating whether he should buy a small candy store with it, or whether he should lend it on a mortgage. This latter he knew was the secure way. The other promised great profits. In this perplexity he saw an advertisement: "Advice given to those going into business."

After stating the case the counselor said: "My fee will be \$5 in advance."

When this was paid he asked: "Do you understand the candy business?"

"No, I did not think it was necessary. I expect to survive it merely."

"Then you will lose all your money in three months."

"You think I had better lend the money on the mortgage?"

"I do not say that. What is your business? That is, what do you perfectly understand?"

"I know the pickle business through and through. I can make pickles of all kinds, but I do not like it."

"Never mind what you like. Go and get a small place and make pickles; go from hotel to hotel, restaurant to restaurant and sell them. In ten years come back and see me; you will have \$10,000 at least."

As the young man was going away he was called back:

"Here is a card: I want you to put it where you can see it a hundred times a day."

These were the words on the card: "Business is business. Men don't do what they like, they do what they can."

The card had a strange fascination for him; he read it with care as he walked along the street. As he studied it no light seemed to enter his mind.

He found a dingy basement, and began to arrange for his operations. Of course vinegar must be got, several barrels of it; some was offered him at ten cents a gallon, some more was shown at five cents. "Which shall I take?" He thought of the words on his card. He seemed to see people testing his pickles, and not liking them depart without buying.

"They will know good vinegar," thought he, and so he bought the honest stuff.

In a few days several tubs of materials were ready, and he knew he must market them. Now he greatly dreaded to face strange people, and push his goods upon their notice. He never had courage when a boy, and now as a young man he felt more timid, it seemed. But he thought of the words of the card, and entered a restaurant. The evident manager was a blooming young woman, and the pickle dealer was more afraid of women than men. "But business is business," repeated itself over and over in his mind.

The answer to his statement was that his pickles would be tried, and if found all right would be purchased.

"Glad I got that good vinegar," thought the young man, and began to feel that there was a certain power in the maxim his adviser had given. He began to feel a courage he had never experienced in meeting people and trying to sell his goods to them.

Calling at a store to get, if possible, an order for pickles in bottles, he was quickly and rudely met with, "Don't want to see any such stuff." Noticing the utter dismay on the young man's face, the merchant said short and sharp, "Don't you know enough of business to put up your goods attractively?"

As he retreated, dejected and disheartened, the maxim repeated itself over and over with this additional sentence, "It is business to put up goods attractively." He sought out a lithographer, and had some hard-wood colored labels printed. "They will buy the bottles," said a friend, "just for the picture you have on them."

When he had gained sufficient courage he sought out again the merchant who had rebuffed him. "I have come to make you a present of a bottle of fine pickles."

"Why do you make me a present of them?"

"Because you gave me advice that is worth a great deal."

The morning of one Fourth of July came, and he pondered whether to go to his store or not. All at once he thought, people going to parties will want pickles; it was the magic words on the little card that ran through his mind. He found, as he had thought, a large number of buyers waiting for him.

The little card was consulted in all sorts of weather. If a man made a proposition to him of any kind, and he was in doubt, he would look at the words, though he knew them by heart already. One day a cheese merchant came to persuade him to buy his stock.

"People," said he, "who buy pickles always buy cheese; you will do a big trade. It was a temptation. He went and looked at the words and studied them intently, trying to think out their application to the case in hand. "Men do what they can," he reflected. "I would like to sell cheese, but I know I can sell pickles," then he returned. Now he was resolute and firm, although by nature easily bent and swayed by the words of others.

"Business is business," he said. "I am in the pickle business; if I cannot make money in this I shall quit and go into something else, but I will not have two kinds on my hands."

It was a turning point; after this he could refuse all influence to go into something that seemed at the time to be more lucrative. He was not only industrious, it is plain, he had a fixed principle of action. Of course he was successful; all men who put industry and mind to their work are bound to be successful. When the ten years were up of course he had the ten thousand dollars, and more, too.—*The Sure Thing*.

BIG ELEPHANT YARN.

A Tug-of-War Extraordinary as Told By a Disciple of Munchausen.

The London Graphic prints some elephant and crocodile pictures obtained from a certain Major-General Robley, who bases them on an "elephant yarn," as he styles it, told him by one Barcus, who was probably related to a celebrated German Baron named Munchausen. Barcus thus told his tale, and it will be seen that there is a good deal of truth to it:

"Two years ago I was on a shooting expedition up the Ganges, and on the lookout for big game of any kind. One day I came across the 'spoor' of a very big rogue elephant. As it was getting dark, I determined to follow up the 'spoor' next day. Accordingly day-break saw me on the track, and soon I came to a large tank, and there I saw my friend having a farewell drink, and splashing in the water like an animated haystack. He was a little over four feet high, and as there was little

THE PRETTY DIPLOMAT.

I know her by her empire gown,
Her sparkling gloves, her stylish jacket;
By certain features like my own,
And ways, perhaps, as diplomatic.

And when she enters at the door,
I drop my correspondence pressing,
And, like some leashed man of yore,
Devote myself to shrewdly gazing.

She smiles me, this maiden fair;
She steals her velvet arm around me;
She tells me I had died of care,
Unless she happily had found me.

She kisses me—but 'till I know
She does not kiss me with a kiss;
She does not kiss me with a kiss,
She does not kiss me with a kiss.

She says I am a saint, Ah, well!
A truth she hits—a truth she misses;
For who could such a girl repel
With all her smiles and hugs and kisses?

And, somehow, 'till she robs my purse,
I must turn and stare and manage,
I don't think I'm much the worse,
Or that my soul will suffer damage.

And so she goes, and so she goes,
Flowing with me like a ceaseless tide,
And work till midnight to maintain
My daughter's fair and diplomatic.

—Libby Adams Turner, in Judge.

ALL IS FAIR IN LOVE.

Grandmother Maple's Reason for
Consenting to the Wedding.

Click, click, the sharp needles of the
winter snowstorm were rattling
against the casements of old Mrs. Ma-
ple's farm-house; pattering, pattering, the last
leaves of the old sycamore tree
drifted down upon the door-stone.

It was an old, old house, and Mrs.
Maple was an old, old woman. But you
will sometimes find tufts of snowy snows
bursting from age-lichened apper-
tures, and sprays of greenery on the
boughs of century-old oak trees, and
it happened that Minny Maple, the
youngest of the great-grandchildren,
was the bud and blossom of her work-
ing life.

Old Mrs. Maple owned house and land,
and had money at interest; but she
was a shrewd old lady, and liked to
keep her affairs in her own hands.
And pretty Minny, albeit an heiress in
prospective, taught the district school,
and took care of the farm dairy out of
doors.

"It won't hurt her to work for her liv-
ing if she is to be rich one of these days,"
said Mrs. Maple. "I worked when I was
a girl."

And upon this dreary December night
Mrs. Maple's swift knitting-needles
gleamed like steel lightning in the
dark; and Minny sat on a low chair
beside her, mending table-cloths, while
ever and anon a big drop would plash
against the paneled spots like a glistening
globule of dew.

"But, grandmother, why?" burst out
Minny, at last, with blue eyes lifted
like forget-me-nots drenched in rain, to
the old lady's parchment-like face.

"Because I say so," said old Mrs.
Maple. And the fire crackled, and the
snow clicked softly against the window-
panes, and the knitting-needles made
zigzags of light as they flew back and
forth.

"But you say, yourself, grandmother,
that he's a good young man," pleaded
Minny.

Old Mrs. Maple nodded.

"Without a bad habit in the world!"
And again old Mrs. Maple nodded like
a Chinese mandarin in a collection of
curiosities.

"And forehealed with his farm?"
For the third time Mrs. Maple nodded.
Then, grandmother, why won't you
consent to our marriage?" urged the
girl.

"Child, said Mrs. Maple, turning her
spectacle glasses full upon Minny's
sweet, flower-like face, 'I've told you
why, half a hundred times. It's because
your great-grandfather Maple and his
great-grandfather Maple were mortal enemies.
Because your great-grandfather's last words
were to Heaven, my money to my dear
wife, and my everlasting enmity to Job
Crofton!"

"But, grandmother," said Minny, with
a shudder, "that was very wicked! And
surely, surely, the shadow of a tomb-
stone should be a reconciliation?"

Old Mrs. Maple shook her white head.

"Your grandfather was a very vin-
dictive man, Minny," said she; "I do
not disbelieve his living, and I never
will disobey him dead!"

"But, grandmother," coaxed Minny,
with her fresh cheek against the old
lady's hand, "he wouldn't know it. How
could he?"

"Child, child, your grandfather Maple
knew every thing," said the old lady,
with a sudden superstitious glance over
her left shoulder, as something seemed
to rustle at the casement. "And I do
believe his ghost haunts me if I
didn't give good heed to his last words.
No, no; Gilbert Crofton can never be
your husband; and you may as well give
up the idea first as last."

And Minnie Maple cried herself to
sleep that night.

"For I never can marry him without
Grandmother Maple's consent," she
sighed. "I'll stay single for his sake
until the day of my death; but I never
can disobey the kind old soul who has
taken a mother's place to me and
brought me up from a baby."

But the next night there was an ap-
ple at Deacon Danversfield's, and Minnie
Maple was there. Gilbert Crofton did
not make his appearance until late.

"Gilbert," said the little fiancee, who
sat respectfully amid a crimson ava-
lanche of apples, "what makes you so
late?"

"I've been busy," said Gilbert. "But
never mind so long as I'm in time for
the village reel."

And they walked home together
through the snow-drifts, talking hap-
pily of what might be only Grandmother
Maple's adamant heart could be
softened.

But, late though it was, with the old
clock on the stroke of one, there was a
light shining redly from the keep-
ing-room window, and through the un-
curtained casement they could see Grand-
mother Maple marching on duty, her
high-heeled boots tapping on the floor,
her fingers instinctively wandering
around and around the inside of her
empty snuff-box.

Minny hurried into the room.

"Why, grandmother," cried she,
"whatever is the matter? Here are the
ladies all burned down to white ashes
and the candlewick guttering, and you
in such a flutter as never was! What
has happened, grandmother?"

Mrs. Maple turned her keen blue eyes
upon her great-granddaughter with an
expression like that of a sleep-walker.

"Minny, come in," said she, "and

CUPID'S MESSENGER.

How a Stern Parent Was Out-
witted by Two Lovers.

Unknowingly He Acted as a Postman for
Years Between His Daughter and Her
Romance—A Case of Love Laugh-
ing at Obstacles.

"Impossible!" cried Gilbert Crofton.
"Dear grandmother, you must have
been dreaming," soothed Minny, creep-
ing up to her side and drawing her
down into the old arm-chair beside the
hearth.

"Dreaming!" shrieked the old woman.
"I was as wide awake as I am at this
moment. I had been over to see Mrs.
Muir's sick child, and it was close on
ten o'clock when I got back. And the
minute I crossed the threshold, I had
that queer feeling of some one being in
the room creep all over me. And there,
sitting in the chair opposite,
where he used to sit thirty good years
ago, was your great-grandfather Maple,
with his old cue-wig and his suit of
buttered brown, and the very green
spectacles he used to wear for his weak
eyes. And he took his pipe out of his
mouth and looked at me just as your
grandfather Maple has looked me a
thousand, thousand times. And says I:
'Reuben, is that you?' And says he:
'Yes, Lois, it is.' And says I: 'Oh,
Reuben, what brings you back to this
world?' And says he: 'To wipe out
the stains of a wicked world.' And says
'Are you happy, Reuben?' And says he:
'Yes, and that's the reason I want to
live.' And then I began to tremble
all over, and says I: 'Is it anything I
can do, Reuben?' And says he: 'There's
no more offending nor giving offense in
the other world, Lois, and old Crofton's
soul and mine are at variance no longer.'
And says I: 'Lois, what's the matter?
And the young man Gilbert he's your
grandchild's husband.' And then he
knocked the bowl of his pipe on the
edge of the andiron, as I've seen him do
it so often; and he got up, and he walked
out of the room just for all the world
like a living creature. I've often heard
as ghosts can go through a key-hole, but
your grandfather Maple's ghost shut
opened the door, and forgot to shut it
after him into the bargain. So, when I
roused up enough to know what was
going on around me, the floor was cov-
ered with snow, that had drifted in, and
the candle was blown out."

"Oh, grandmother! do you think this
was real?" cried Minnie, with startled
eyes.

"Didn't I see it with my own eyes,
and hear it with my own ears, and
demanded old Mrs. Maple. 'It's your
grandfather's ghost! And I might have
known that if he wanted to appear he
could, for he had obstinacy enough for
anything, rest his soul! You may marry
Gilbert Crofton if you want to, to-mor-
row, Minny! And perhaps your grand-
father's ghost will be easy then!"

So the young people were happily
married, and Gilbert came to live at the
farm, and managed all the old lady's af-
fairs for her. And she lived to be a
hundred years old, before she closed
those keen, blue eyes of hers upon the
matters of this mortal world.

But one day, in turning over the
relics of the roomy, old garret, Minny
came across a red chest, clamped with
brass, and faintly odorous of dried
lavender-rose-leaves. She opened it.

"Oh, Gilbert, look here!" cried she,
"my great-grandfather's best suit laid
up in cambrion-gown and sweet herbs!
Why do you suppose that Grandmother
Maple has kept it?"

"I don't know, I am sure," said Gil-
bert, with a mischievous twinkle in his
eyes. "Perhaps for the younger gen-
erations to masquerade in!"

Minny sprang to her feet, a sudden
light seeming to illumine her whole
face.

"Gilbert!" cried she, "did you—"

"No matter," said Gilbert, laughing;
"shut up the box, Minny, your grand-
father's ghost will never haunt the
house again."

And it never did—Amy Randolph, in
N. Y. Ledger.

SOME FAMOUS HYMNS.

Nearly All Great Religious Songs the Re-
sult of Inspiring Hymns.

It is more true, perhaps, of hymns than
of any form of poetry that they owe
their origin to some sudden inspira-
tion that seldom is repeated, says the
Chicago Tribune. The great "Te Deum,"
that poem of Christianity, is said to have
been first sung at the baptism of St.
Augustine. Certain it is that it was the
first hymn which Columbus and his sail-
ors sang when they set foot on the New
World and planted the flag of Spain.

Thomas di Celano, a scholar of St.
Francis, of Assisi, wrote "Dies Irae." One
of the best versions in English is that
of Lord Roscomomon, who died with two
lines of it on his lips.

The "Veni, Sancte Spiritus" came from
King Robert, of France.

They still sit in the wall those
featuring the landscape which proved an
inspiration to Wesley. He wrote many
hymns, however, and this article has
to do only with those who were ob-
sessed and had but one or two great mo-
ments of inspiration.

"Rock of Ages," a hymn which has
been a great comfort to Christians, was
written by Augustus Toplady in 1778.

The author's life was a troubled one;
his cruel and morbid tendencies, his tem-
per was fiery. The better part of his na-
ture seems to have blossomed forever in
this hymn.

Bishop Heber wrote much besides the
missionary hymn "From Greenland's
Icy Mountains," but it is by that hymn
that he will be chiefly remembered.

Joseph Hart, a native of London,
where he was born in 1712, was the au-
thor of "Come Ye Sinners, Poor and
Needy."

Sir Walter Shirley, an English
clergyman and preacher, who died in 1796,
composed the beautiful hymn, known as
"Sweet the Moments Rich in Blessing."

Dr. Timothy Dwight, one of the early
preachers of Yale, wrote many ponderous
and learned works on theology; but the
reason why he will be longer re-
membered than many another theologian
is that he was the author of "I Love
Thy Kingdom, Lord."

"Nearer, My God, to Thee" was com-
posed by Sarah Fuller Flower. She
married a civil engineer named Adams
in 1834. She died in 1849 at the age of
forty-four, and lies buried near Harlow,
in Essex.

John Keble, the eminent English
divine, wrote many learned volumes.
He is a great favorite of his country-
men, however, as the author of "Sun of
My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear."

"Just as I Am, Without One Plea" was
written by Miss Charlotte Elliott.
Clapham, Eng. How she came to com-
pose it was curious. A clergyman asked
her one day if she were a Christian.
She replied that she felt un-
worthy to approach the Lord. "But
come just as you are," suggested the
clergyman. The words touched her
and she put them in the form by which
they are known to Christians all over
the world. Miss Elliott died in 1871.

"I Would Not Live Alway" was
written fifty years ago by Rev. Dr.
Mullenberg. It is a hymn which has
comforted many mourners and given its
author a lasting fame.

"Ninety and Nine," a hymn which
has been a great favorite with Moody
Sankey congregations, was written by
Miss Elizabeth C. Clephane, a Scottish
lady. Mr. Sankey supplied the music.

The "Lead, Kindly Light" of Dr.
John Henry Newman (now Cardinal
Newman) was written during a voyage
to England. This hymn is said to be a
great favorite with Queen Victoria. It
seems to be loved equally by all Chris-
tian sects. His venerable author is still
living.

The late Matthew Arnold severely
criticized those hymns of a Salvation
Army order in which, however com-
mendable may have been the intention
of the author, the language descends to
a vulgar plain. "Bad music and bad
poetry," he said, "are dangerous," and
Mr. Arnold. Among hymns that have
been degraded to common-place uses is
the "Sweet By and By." Its history is
a curious one.

Prof. Joseph P. Webster, the author
of the music, was at times subject to
deep melancholy. Entering his office
one day in one of his blue fits his part-
ner, Bennett, asked him:

"What is the matter now?"

"No matter," was the answer; "it will
be all right in the sweet by and by."

"Sweet by and by!" echoed Bennett.
"That's a good sentiment for a hymn.
I'll try it."

He turned to his desk, wrote three
stanzas rapidly, and handed them to
Webster. The latter was surprised and
moved. He immediately made a draft
of a musical staff and began to fill it
with notes.

"Bennett," he said, "I've set music to
your words; come, let us sing it."

And in a few weeks, throughout the
length and breadth of the country, old
and young were singing "Sweet By and
By."

Not Fallen So Low as That.

An English magazine, in an article on
restaurants, tells of a New York specu-
lator who came to grief and went to
work as waiter in a cheap eating-house
in that city. To this waiter's table
came a broken-down, seedy-looking in-
dividual, an aristocratic, Fifth avenue,
brown-stone front type, sneaking in
with every sign of being very much
ashamed of himself. When the waiter
arrived to take his order there was
mutual recognition, and the new-comer
murmured: "Great Scott, Thompson!
you here?" The attendant showed no
sympathy at all, but, drawing himself
up haughtily, drily replied: "Yes, Jones,
I wait here, but I don't dine here."

Music of the Marseillaise.

The music of the Marseillaise hymn,
formerly credited to Rouget de Lisle,
the writer of the words, was composed
by Jean Baptiste Lucien Grison, a noted
choir-master of church music who was
choir-master of the Cathedral of St.
Omar, in the Pas de Calais, from 1775 to
1787. During this time he composed an
oratorio called "Bathur," the text of
which was taken from Racine's tragedy
of the same name. The first number,
entitled "The Defamation," contains
note for note the melody of the Mar-
seillaise, so that Grison's composition
was written at least five years before
the national hymn of Rouget de Lisle.

Some New Definitions.

"We suggest the following definitions:
A fanatic—a man who is determined to
do what he does not wish done. An egot-
ist—a man who feels his own impor-
tance more than he feels ours. A bigot
—a man who is firm in a belief different
from ours. A prejudiced man—one who
is not convinced by our arguments."

UNAPPRECIATED FEET.

Experience of a Philadelphia Girl Who
Tried to Start a Shoe-Store.

English women, says the shoe-maker,
have large feet and know it. They live
up to them, and wear great
boots and shoes, square-toed, broad,
flat-heeled, with a naïveté that amuses
and scandalizes their American cousins.
They don't care twopenny for feet. In
the great tide of American girls that
rushed across the Atlantic last spring
to revel in a London season, says the
Boston Herald, there was a gay little
Philadelphia, bright as a brand-new
dandy, witty, clever, but alas! accounted
in the contest of beauty in her native
land, decidedly plain. One good point,
indeed, she possessed beyond question,
and that was her feet. They were
simply bewitching. Small—she wore
No. 1—slender, with an instep arched
like a Spanish senorita's; they were
things of beauty and joys forever, and
the young woman to whom they be-
longed squandered her substance in
silk stockings and ravishing shoes when
she was on the point of starting for En-
gland.

"There," she sighed to herself, in
rapturous anticipation, "I shall be ap-
preciated. My feet will probably create
a furor, and I should think, ought to
secure me an Earl, at least. I wonder
if her Majesty would mention them by
name in a speech? It is my golden opor-
tunity, the chance of my lifetime!"

She came back to Newport in August
a sadder and a wiser girl—without the
Earl.

"It's all a snare and a delusion," she
spouted at luncheon to her interested
friends. "Those English girls have feet
that are simply enormous—enormous!
Only one who wears a smaller foot
than a seven. But they have no refine-
ment of feeling, no artistic sensitiv-
ness at all! Not a single soul! I kept them
displayed as artlessly and prominently
as I could wherever I went, and not
one living human being ever spoke of
them."

"Not the Queen?" suggested her
bosom friend. (It is always so, when a
friend who asks disagreeable questions.)
"The Queen?" repeated the Philadel-
phian. "My dears, her voice said to an
impressive whisper, 'my dears, I
give you my word when I saw her she
had on low black slippers, something
like ankle ties, and crowded into them
her fat feet in white stockings. That's
the sort of thing they admire over
there!'"

"GENTLEMEN TRAMPS."

They Are Becoming as Numerous in New
York as Monument Funds.

What the police call "gentlemen
tramps" are becoming more and more
prevalent, says the New York Sun.
Members of the force and people who
are familiar with the loungers in cer-
tain parts of New York are often inter-
ested in the gradual downfall of a man
whom they know by sight. As the
months go by these loungers grow more
and more seedy and needy in appear-
ance. Neatness leaves them and they
gradually become mendicants on the
highway; but they are not classed with
the yearning mendicant tramp. The
"gentlemen tramps" are men who have
formerly been respectable and often
have some sort of a desire to procure
work. They are always going some-
where to answer an advertisement or to
make an inquiry, but incidentally they
are on the lookout for alms. Perhaps
the most successful of all these men
is a tall and slender man, with many
years looking personage, about fifty
years of age, with a white mustache
and a head of curly white hair. He
tramps between Fifteenth and
Twenty-third streets, and according to
the police and shopkeepers of that vicin-
ity, has begged for nearly eight years.
He was once a floor-walker at a famous
dry-goods house on Fourteenth street.
His feet were almost on the ground,
but there is a pretense of blacking
on what remains of his boots, and there
is an air of ostentatious but fictitious
neatness in his attire. He does not ap-
proach people promiscuously, but singles
out his victims with great sagacity and
care. They are nearly always elderly
ladies or spinsters verging on middle
life. He stares at the women from
whom he intends to beg, and waits a
long time as he walks near, until he
takes off his hat, approaches humbly,
and pours out his tale of woe. He
never under any circumstances, at-
tempts to beg from a man. His story
is so effective that in nearly every in-
stance the woman from whom he begs
stops and listens courteously. Then
she opens her purse slowly and looks at
her change. After carefully consider-
ing the question after the fashion of
women, she deliberately selects her
coin and passes it over to the beggar.
His manifestation of gratitude is ex-
treme. He is said to be the only beg-
gar who succeeds regularly in getting
contributions from the same victims
many times over.

Value of a Passenger Train.

But few persons who view a passen-
ger train as it goes thundering past
have an idea that it represents a cash
value of from \$75,000 to \$120,000, and
such is the case. The ordinary express
train represents from \$85,000 to \$90,000.
The engine and tender are valued at
\$10,000; the baggage car, \$1,000; the
postal car, \$2,000; the smoking car,
\$5,000; two ordinary passenger cars,
\$10,000 each; three palace cars, \$15,000
each—total, \$83,000. Many trains are
worth \$100,000.

A Blasted Career.

Mrs. O'Dughan—It's sorry Ol am, Mrs.
Galloway, to hear as how y'r son was
goin' ter the bad. Sure, now I t'ought
some fine day he'd be a great alderman,
or Congressman, or some'ing."

Mrs. Galloway (sadly)—Yes, Mrs. O'Du-
ghan, the boy had the makings of a
great statesman in 'im, only his head
was a little wake, an' he couldn't stand
the phuskey.

Length of a Degree.

The length of a degree of longitude at
the equator is 69.16 statute miles. At
the 90th degree of latitude it is 69.2
miles. At the 50th degree of latitude
it is 44.3 miles. At the 75th degree it
is hardly 18 miles. At the 82d degree
of latitude it lacks 47 of a mile of being
10 miles. At the 89th degree it is but
1.5 miles, and gradually draws to a
point as the line nears the pole.

A French Cure for Croup.

Dr. Laugier, of Toulouse, reports to the
French Academy of Medicine that he
has discovered a cure for croup. It
is a very simple one—a tablespoonful
of flour of sulphur in a tumbler of water.
After three days of the treatment his
patients were rescued from imminent
death, and fully recovered.

VARIETIES.

FIVE-YEAR-OLD Johnny and his little brother
were playing in the yard one day when a
couple of Italians happened to go by, engaged
in earnest conversation in their native
tongue. Johnny stood listening attentively
until they were out of hearing, then came
running into the house exclaiming excitedly:
"Oh, mamma, there were two men going
down the road talking as loud as they could,
and we couldn't hear them!"

A famous college president, a clergyman,
was addressing the students in the chapel at
the beginning of the college year. "It is,"
said he, in conclusion, "a matter of consola-
tion to all the friends of the college that
this year opens with the largest freshman
class in its history." And then, without any
pause, he turned to the Scripture lesson of
the day, the Third Psalm, and began read-
ing in a voice of thunder: "Lord, how they are
increased that trouble me!"

ART vs. NATURE.—Uncle Hiram—This is a
mighty queer world.

Gothamite—What makes you think so?

Uncle Hiram—Was a painter feller came
down to my place last summer, and while he
was 'loafin' 'round painted a picture of a
feller dog. I heard afterward that he sold it
for two hundred dollars, an' so I bought up
the original of it, thinking I could get at least
a cool thousand fer him; but by gosh I can't
even give him away.

A MESSENGER boy in Washington says a
few days ago made everybody that saw him
forget his pet grief for a moment. He was
the proud owner of one of those wire leg
figures called Betties that are used in the
shops to display made-up garments. "Bettie"
was mounted on castors and had her slipper-
face turned coyly over her shoulder, and
instead of poking her gravely up in his arms
the youngster was trundling her along by his
side, his arm affectionately linked in hers,
with quite the air of a society man taking the
quest of the evening out to dinner. And no-
body enjoyed the fun of it more than he did.

On a certain occasion, when seated in a
club dining-room, Gilbert was approached by
a person who said:

"Have you seen here this morning a per-
son with one eye called Jones?"

Gilbert answered in his drawing way:

"What was the name of his other eye?"

At one time there were two American at-
tractions at London theatres. These were
Nat Goodwin and a play by the late Bartley
Campbell. The public ignored Goodwin, but
seemed to enjoy the play by Campbell, and
this moved Gilbert to remark that he thought
it was "straining at a Nat and swallowing a
Campbell."

As Austin man read in a paper that the
family should always be the scene of laughter
and merriment and that no meal should be
passed in the moody silence that so often
characterizes those occasions. The idea
struck him so favorably that when his family
was gathered around the table that evening
he said:

"Now, this sort of thing of keeping so
blamed 'mum at meals has got to stop. You
hear me? You girls, put in 'an' tell stories,
an' keep up agreeable sort of talk, like, an'
you boys, laugh an' be jolly, or I'll take and
dust your jackets with a grapevine till you
cawnder. Now begin!"

The glare he sent around the table made the
family as happy as a funeral.

An old Scotch lady who lived at consid-
erable distance from the parish church was
in the habit of driving over to the service. Her
coachman, when he considered the sermon
nearly at an end, would slip out quietly to
have the carriage ready by the time the ser-
vice was concluded. One Sunday John re-
turned to the church, and after hanging about
the door for a considerable time grew im-
patient, and, popping in his head, discovered
the minister haranguing as hard as ever.
Creeping down the aisle toward his mistress
he whispered in her ear: "Is he no near
done yet?" "Dune!" replied the old lady in
a high state of indignation, for her patience
had long been exhausted; "he's done half an
hour since, but he won't stop."

GILBERT tells, in the Utica Observer, of two
glided youths who a series of afternoon
leaves were punched and elated cup were
more patronized than the fragrant Oolong,
strayed into Delmonico's famous restaurant
for dinner. At its termination the waiter
placed cigars on the table on a silver salver.
One of the much-winded regarded them with
great interest, and then, having evidently
arrived at a conclusion as to their use, he
spared one of them with his fork, placed it
on his plate, and solemnly cutting off a piece
put it into his mouth. He chewed the cigar
carefully and thoughtfully, and finally swal-
lowed it. He then turned to the waiter and
said:

"Delmonico is always supposed to have the
best of everything, but take my word for it
these are blasted sausages."

It took his companion about five minutes to
understand the waiter's explanation that the
supposed sausages were cigars, and then he
began to laugh and kept it up for half an
hour, the other in the meantime, trying to
study out what the joke was.

It is sometimes unsafe to make sweeping
statements. A gentleman who belongs to one
of the oldest and most aristocratic families in
Boston was recently traveling with a friend
in a railway train, where their attention was
attracted to a lady who sat a few seats from
them by the magnificent and showy diamond
earrings which she wore. "I'll wager you
a champagne supper," said the Boston one
blood to his friend, "that the wearer of those
diamond ear-rings is not a lady in the Boston
meaning of the word; for in our world no
lady would wear diamonds when traveling."

"The wearer is a cheap one," was the friend's
reply, "for we have no means of deciding the
question. But even if we had, I am not sure
you would win. Even ladies sometimes wear
diamonds when you least expect them to."

The Boston gentleman was about to make a
vigorous reply to this logical sentiment
when the lady who was being discussed turned
partly around, and to his horror and
chagrin he saw that she was his own aunt.
The champagne supper came off and he paid
the freight.

OPPOSITE the Western Union building on
Broadway stands, day in and day out, a dark-
complexioned man whose business is to sell a
breaches in order to show how the garter is
adjusted. As he stands there on the sidewalk
day after day the sight of his calves has be-
come a tolerably familiar spectacle to the
frequenters of lower Broadway.

Recently an old lady who had crossed over
the Courtland Street ferry came along and
her attention was at once attracted to this
unusual sight. The man stands on the inside
of the walk, and the old lady, taking up her
stand on the curb, stood looking at him for a
time as if transfixed.

"For the land larks!" she finally ex-claimed,

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